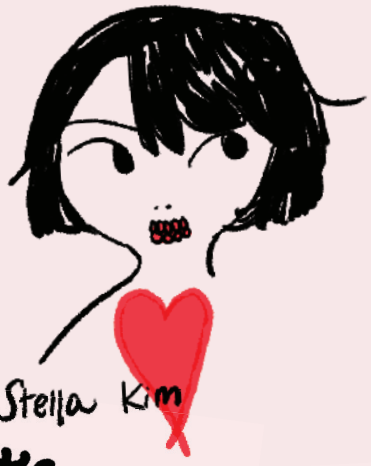
oregon
voice
sweet
tooth

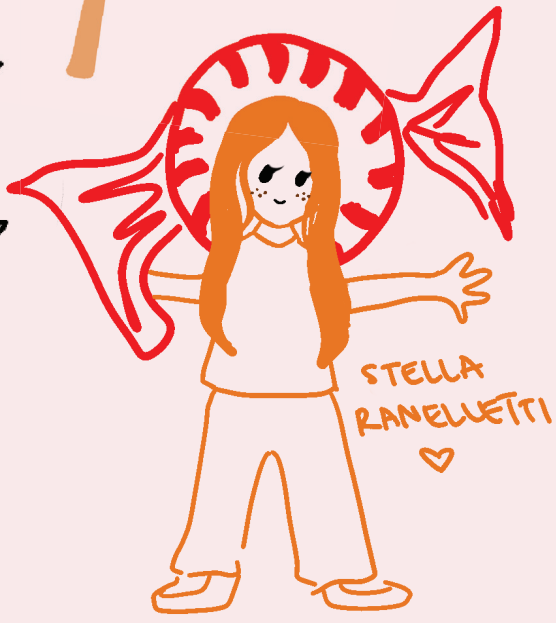
oregon
voice

vol. 36
issue 1

oregon voice

Danielle





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letter from the editor

Let's talk cake and candy and strawberries and sugar and kisses and all that nasty stuff that eats holes into your teeth...! There's something so magical about the first sip of Martinelli's sparkling apple juice and the first taste of heartbreak, the place where all things become new and anything can happen. This is what we've tried to capture in these pages.

In this issue, you'll find all things sweet: first loves and guilty pleasures, favorite movies and funky bands and all the times the sweet stuff turns sour. There's poetry, photography, art, articles, stories, word searches, our questions, your answers, and everything fun ever made on Earth.

Check it out, fill your mouth with candy, never brush your teeth, and enjoy the ride.

Candy

Cavity

Art by Sophia Unnasch

a petrified paroxysm of desire

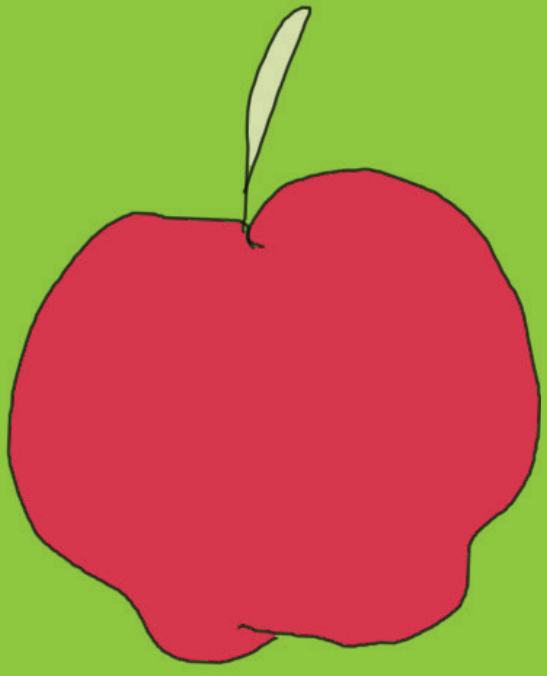
red lacquer swirled in her mouth
her tongue wrapped round it like a twist-tie, bleeding red, raw, sugary saliva onto her candy-coated lips
candy-coated
choked down
she'd always been impatient
chewed into sharp shards, sharp shiny shards that cut into the tender pink skin of her cheeks
the bigger pieces tore, delicious, pointed pain, into the back of her throat, spilling hot syrup, tipping it down her gullet like a fizzing coca-cola from a pretty green glass bottle
the smaller ones ached, dull, on the sides, decaying the roots of her teeth till they tore from her gums, once white as sucrose but now stained cherry red, to be swallowed back with the rest
she licked her wax lips, swiping the remaining pieces of the candy, the tiniest, teeniest ones, the ones that reflected the dim motel lights like crystals, into the desert cracks of her dried lips
her tongue, painted crimson, hung out of her mouth, dead weight torn up
all of her was *red* now
she eased onto her back, resting her head on one of the pillows, sickly sweet syrup gushing out of the corners of her mouth
it stuck to her
like beachy clumps of saltwater taffy, it stuck to her face
it caught in her hair
it crept its way slowly up to her eyelashes, gluing her eyes together with corn syrup, weighing her down, sealing her to the mattress
a candy-coated mummy
asleep among cotton candy clouds
dazed

me, devoured

'sweet, sweet girl'
i mutter softly into her hair
i squeeze her hand and run a finger across her face, pressing a light, fluttery kiss to her eyelashes
her eyes stare forward
ringed with starry blue, pale skin cloaked in a black and red mane
pink threads torn from her lips
i wrap her body in my arms, sugar crystals spilling onto my shirt
so perfect
black and raspberry licorice planted in a white chocolate scalp
jelly beans - bright berry blue encircled in dark *blue berry*, in an intoxicating violet, specks of dark green apple for depth
waxen lips, ever-crimson, never dull, with marshmallow teeth tucked safely inside
    i even dyed them with a touch of butter from my favorite popcorn, a slight yellowish tint
    the pure, shiny white just didn't feel... quite correct
i rest my head on her breasts, sure to put my hand under my face to collect my salty tears, to keep them from the sweetness of her skin
i couldn't tell you how long i sat there

Poems by Celia Hutsell

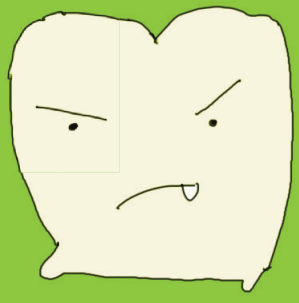
what happened to your baby teeth?



my mom has
them in a lil box
in our living
room

kept in a little
tooth case

my mom
has them in
a mini m n’
m tube



friend threw one
of my molars in
the garbage at
lunch in 6th grade

gave them
to the tooth
fairy

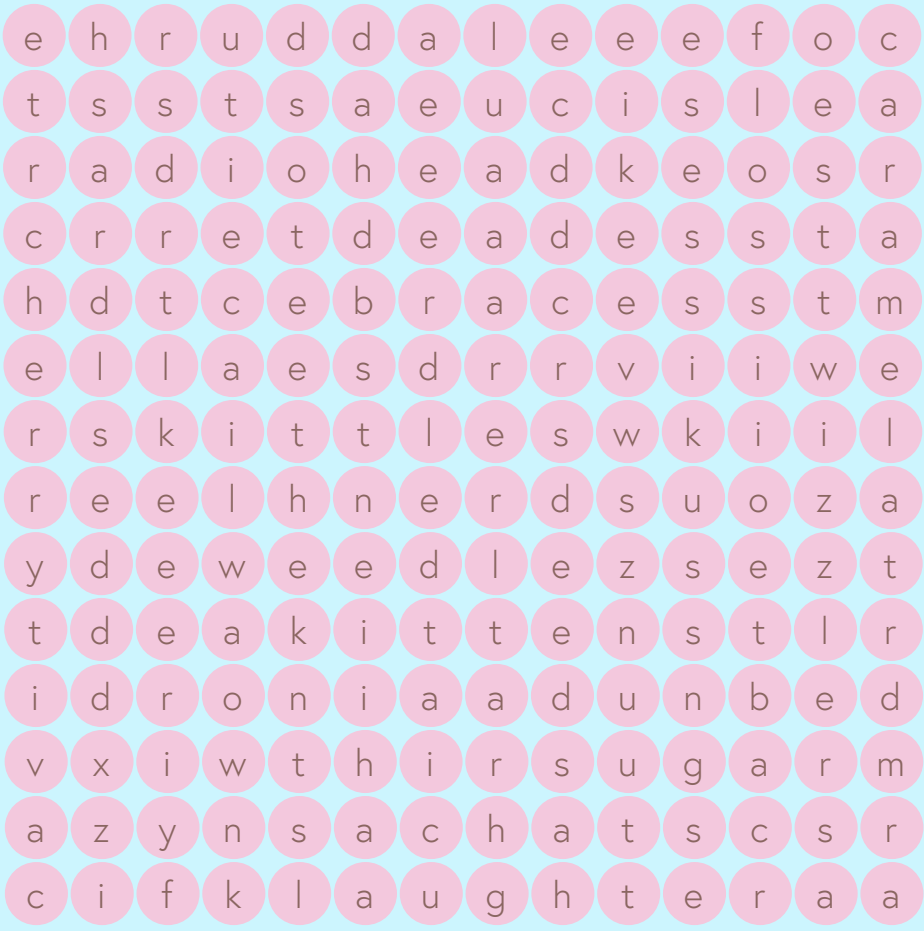
Art by Eli Hunter

Only On This Plane

can you wake up sad
can you drink a little too much wine
is there tea
are there airplanes
is there summer
does a baby cry
the baby is crying
the music gets a little too loud
your friend is also alive
your companion brushes
lips on yours
watermelon dribbles
we're dancing!
I don't know if *anything* after death could beat this
nirvana is emptiness
i want fullness
i want this plane
i've never met an angel that could beat my friend Iris
what if in Heaven you can laugh
but never get sore from laughter
I want to be sore from laughter
my mom crying to sunshine on my shoulders
in the car
and suddenly i am too

Poem by Chris Walker

sweetie search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t s s t s a e u c i s l e a
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c r r e t d e a d e s s t a
h d t c e b r a c e s s t m
e l l a e s d r r v i i w e
r s k i t t l e s w k i i l
r e e l h n e r d s u o z a
y d e w e e d l e z s e z t
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i d r o n i a a d u n b e d
v x i w t h i r s u g a r m
a z y n s a c h a t s c s r
c i f k l a u g h t e r a a

zyns
nerds
kittens
twizzlers
radiohead
twix

cherry
laughter
kisses
skittles
teeth
sugar

weed
caramel
cavity
floss
laddu
braces

XO XO
KISS
LOVE U

Letterboxd

USERNAME FILMS LISTS MEMBERS JOURNAL + LOG

OREGON VOICE STAFF

FOLLOW

4	4	0	1	0
FILMS	THIS YEAR	LISTS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS

Profile Activity Films Diary Watchlist Likes Network Gift Pro

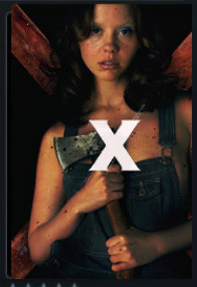
RECENT ACTIVITY

ALL

★★★★

★★★★

★★★★



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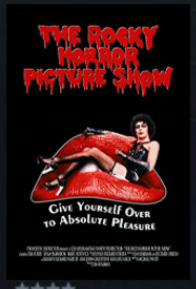

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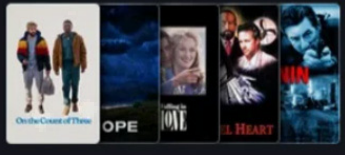
FOLLOWING

1

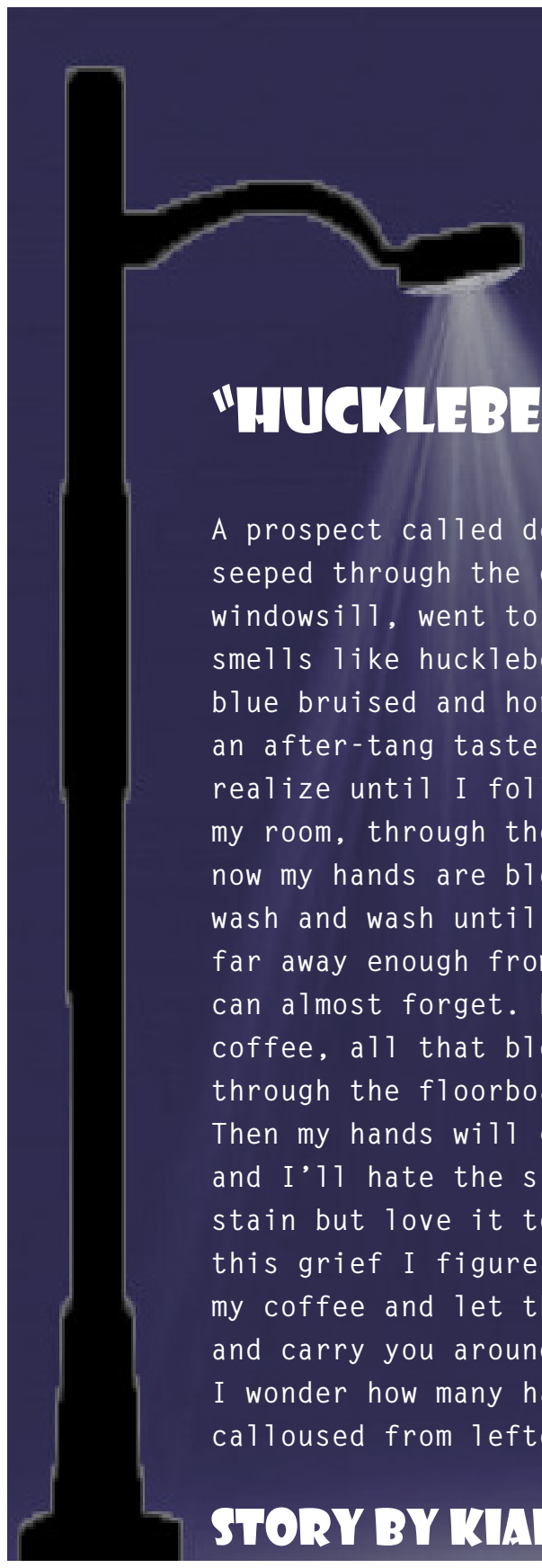
WATCHLIST

269



Letterboxd Wrapped.

Art by Celmentine Jaffe



"HUCKLEBERRY SIN"

A prospect called death has gripped this place. It seeped through the doors, went through the cracks by the windowsill, went to your room, hid under the covers. It smells like huckleberry sin and it's soaking, purple-blue bruised and honey-dipped. It smells sweet but has an after-tang taste. It lingers and it stains. I didn't realize until I followed that scent, up the stairs, past my room, through the door, on the sheets, on the bed. And now my hands are bloodied blue from you so I'll wash and wash and wash until I get you mostly out. And if I creep far away enough from your room, the scent softens and I can almost forget. But in the morning while I'm mixing my coffee, all that blood will drip down the sheet and seep through the floorboards and drip right into my coffee. Then my hands will get all bloodied blue from you again, and I'll hate the sickly sweet smell, and I'll hate the stain but love it too. And since I have nowhere to put this grief I figure I'll just swallow it right along with my coffee and let the stain stain and let the smell smell and carry you around inside me like some huckleberry sin. I wonder how many hands have been stained, washed, and calloused from leftover love.

STORY BY KIANA HEILFRON

STELLA RANELLETTI

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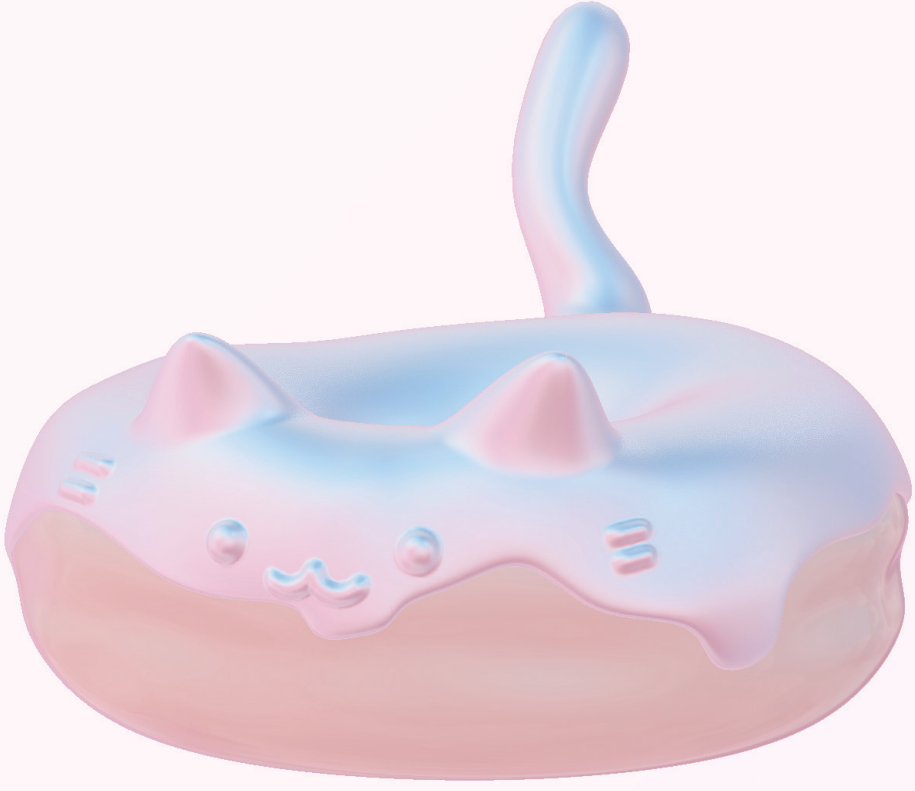
question 3

what's your guilty pleasure?



Oreos with peanut butter

beautiful ladies in wet t-shirts (gone sexual)

reality tv

still using tumblr

taylor swift

dr pepper

bolis

emily in paris

House near Chautauqua

HAVEN NASIF

The phantom woman
sits on her wrap-around porch
and presides over her garden,
enjoying the fruits of her labor.
I watch the space where she would be,
where I wish I could be,
stopped short of breath
by twisted steel sunflowers and
the splashing of the creek
as it swims under stone arches.
Lazy summer leaves
bend down to kiss the stream.
The perfect woman
sips her creamy coffee in the mornings
in her yellow wicker chair,
unaware of the throne she sits upon.
What kind of woman is worthy
enough to have endless days
of verdant Babylonian bliss?
I stood there and wept;
She would catch me
from the corner of her cracking eyes
and I would wither under her magnified gaze,
an ant burning under hot glass –
I am always the intruder!
Though the bawd of these botanical beauties
is nowhere to be seen,
except in my cruel imaginations of her wealth.

One of Many Steps

Golden fields of wheat fanning with the wind,
The leaves of cinnamon trees rippling under rain,
An orchid pod growing out in a twist and being snipped.
Pumpkin vines tangled under the rushing sky.
Custard meeting crust.
The cozy glow of the oven.
I remember being left to set.
Now I'm here, immersed in the darkness.
Death, he comes by in the bright.
He takes a slice of me each day, sometimes more.
And it's strange because I never become less,
I am just always what I am.
Death, he gave me all this.
And he is going to need it back.
Here he comes now, circling around again.
He's got his knife in hand,
and he's licking his lips.
He loves me.

TRISTAN SAMIEE

this

sweet

electric toothbrush

chocolate

creamy

Timothee Chalamet

berries

shots at the doctor

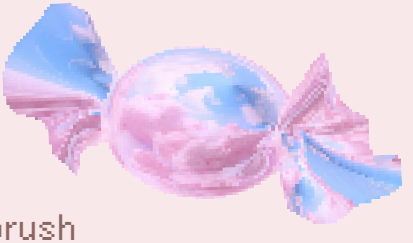
trick-or-treating

candy

r

that

sour



acoustic toothbrush

vanilla

fruity

the other one

cream

tetanus

getting so drunk you die

zyns

Evelina Nesseler-Cass

A prospect called death has gripped this place. It seeped through the doors, went through the cracks by the windowsill, went to your room, hid under the covers. It smells like huckleberry sin and it's soaking, purple-blue bruised and honey-dipped. It smells sweet but has an after-tang taste. It lingers and it stains. I didn't realize until I followed that scent, up the stairs, past my room, through the door, on the sheets, on the bed. And now my hands are bloodied blue from you so I'll wash and wash and wash until I get you mostly out. And if I creep far away enough from your room, the scent softens and I can almost forget. But in the morning while I'm mixing my coffee, all that blood will drip down the sheet and seep through the floorboards and drip right into my coffee. Then my hands will get all bloodied blue from you again, and I'll hate the sickly sweet smell, and I'll hate the stain but love it too. And since I have nowhere to put this grief I figure I'll just swallow it right along with my coffee and let the stain stain and let the smell smell and carry you around inside me like some huckleberry sin. I wonder how many hands have been stained, washed, and calloused from leftover love.

"Huckleberry Sin"

Kiana Heilfron

question 5

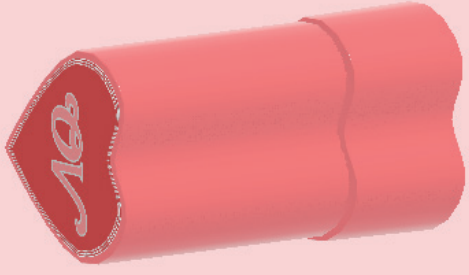
what's the story of your first kiss?

it was a sleepover and my best friend and i wanted to "practice" kissing.

summer camp 2015 yes it was lesbian

8th grade winter formal, she'd been chugging lemon seltzer

on the beach next to drunk people swimming in the ocean with their clothes on



PLAYING IT BASS-IC

LELA AKIYAMA

Beneath the surface of every shredding riff or vigorous drumbeat lies a pulsating rhythmic heartbeat: the bass guitar. The low strings' steady rolling groove provides a backbone for other instruments to shine solo, taking a sort of selfless stance in the performance world. Despite being commonly overlooked, the bassline is one of the most important components in music. The real magic of the bass guitar happens under the radar, and two of Eugene's local band bassists are here to prove it.

Bowl Peace's Owen Akiyama and GrrlBand's Codi Farmer are two University of Oregon alumni who found solace in playing electric bass throughout college. Both musicians, now members of popular Eugene bands, sat down to consider the role of being the bassist in their groups. "I was trained in jazz, funk, and soul, and that was primarily what I played before college," Akiyama reflects. Meeting new faces and working with the creative musicians of Eugene allowed Owen to broaden his horizons, as he explains, "All of us have our own

tastes, but the influence of playing house shows is big, and it's there. The house show college culture in Eugene is all about personal experiences. Our songs are written to be played at house shows; it works so well because we are a part of that culture and experiencing it first hand. We write college party music for college party kids."

Learning to play the bass from ground zero is no easy feat. It requires passion, effort, and resilience – especially considering how the position of bassist is typically a male-dominated role. For Codi Farmer, picking up the pick just felt right. "Everything I know I've learned on my own... I've taught myself by playing alone or along to songs or artists I like... The Cranberries, Talking Heads, etc. I gravitate towards being the bridge that compliments both the drummer and guitarists – like a chameleon," Farmer explains.

As the former bassist in another Eugene band titled Hearing Loss, Codi stresses the importance of having female influences in music. "I always really looked up to Tina Weymouth, the bassist from Talking Heads... Kim Deal was also an important figure for me, as The Breeders were a huge influence for GrrlBand," she says.

While Codi pushes boundaries as a female bassist, the lack of recognition for any gender in this position still exists – even for those whose work can be heard in timeless classics that still influence music today. Take James Jamerson for example – being a major bassist for Motown Records and playing for big names like Marvin Gaye, The Jackson 5, and The Supremes, Jamerson played a big role in shaping basslines from the 1960's and 1970's. Artists such as The Weeknd, Bruno Mars, and Childish Gambino incorporate Motown-inspired basslines into their songs, showing just how influential bassists can be to the music world. Beyond the style of Motown, bass players such as Carol Kaye, Charles Mingus, Larry Graham, and even Marceline from the cartoon Adventure Time remain sidelined despite their noteworthy musical

contributions.

Is this the fate for all bassists and basslines, to be eclipsed in the background? Codi and Owen, alongside countless other skilled musicians, prove that the bass guitar is much more than just a rhythmic foundation. While the stereotype of being undervalued persists, these two bassists push the limits of their instruments as they recognize both the upsides and downsides of playing what they love. As Owen points out, "It's pretty cool to be 'the bass player.' It can be easy to prove that you don't relate to that stereotype, as long as you're enthusiastic and motivated to do so." Echoing this, Codi stresses a valid drawback as she explains, "Sometimes I find myself being not perfectly happy with how little I hear myself, especially in a recording. That's nobody's fault, not even mine. It's just the way it is." She goes on to emphasize, "But at the same time, I'm still up on a stage in my best clothes with my best friends, playing music for my best friends. Every bassist I know is extremely talented, and I love being supported by other bassists in Eugene." Highlighting the camaraderie and supportive community while also being able to recognize the understandable downsides is the mark of a true artist – no matter the medium.

The next time you find yourself sinking into a good song, see if you can tune into the low end. The pulse, the drive, the steady undercurrent that holds the music upright; never quite flashing at the front, but not gone either. In the house shows, dive bars, events, and even just backyards of Eugene, bassists like Owen and Codi keep that groove alive. By bridging each chord, riff and lyric, the bassist weaves together a sound that doesn't need the spotlight to leave an impression. They remind us that when it comes to making music that moves people, it's not about being seen, it's about being experienced.

The foundation to any great song? It's all in the bass-ics; the grounding drive that doesn't need to be loud to be felt.

Art by Celmentine Jaffe

Loved Poem

I've never been closer to transcendence than I was in high school
bells would ring: I'd shuffle to a new being.
and then with summer,
the ecstasy of monks,
of 17 year olds,
like that I rose
out of my body and with the help of books,
assumed new lives in the morning —
then after lunch,
in the laze of the sun
bathed aside the pool in the light of His love
sacrament like smoke on our blood making us laugh
popsicles melting in our hands making us sticky
you'd massage my back
why?
I want to know.
the tie dye of your fingertips dying our skin
candle in a configuration
I drowned in that pool
high school was the closest I've been to God

Poem by Chris Walker

FT. JAPANESE BREAKFAST

▷ now playing "BE SWEET"
BE SWEET to me...
" "
baby
honey
1:11pm

LYRICS AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LIBBY FINDLING

BACKSEAT BLONDIE

It feels alright
backseat blondie
can you say a little prayer for me
backseat blondie

I wanted you to be there in my dream
we are neighbors we can talk about anything
had a house and a family of our own
after all we weren't kids we were grown

fruits we drank the juice
swimming in the fountain of our youth
sugar makes my fingers feel gummy
I don't care. I feel lucky

feels alright
backseat blondie
can you keep a little secret for me
backseat blondie

summertime the weather's feeling hot
my skin is turning pink
I guess there's things that I forgot

on and on I can't shake the thought
wind blowing blonde hair on your face
all taut

it feels alright
backseat blondie
can you say a little prayer for me baby
backseat blondie

oh it's normal
it's only for the hottest months
in my life for this time
you were my
backseat blondie

respect

bath time

halva

disappearing
all winter

tying a knot with a
cherry stem

matcha & chocolate
croissant

old jewish man candy
page

trader joe's

pectrum

jawbreakers

twizzlers

game-day queue

zyns

low self-esteem

charging for non-dairy milk

screaming outside the bar

no respect

LIFE SAVER
LIFE SAVER
LIFE SAVER